



MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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THE STUDENTS *of*
MONTGOMERY
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ACADEMY

May, 1925

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Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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VOL. XXIV.

MAY, 1925.

No. 5

Count 'em and Cry

THE door of the dilapidated boarding house belonging to Flossie Periwinkle opened to admit a very short and immaculately dressed specimen of colored humanity. He approached the landlady with an air of one who had just met the Goddess of Good Luck and made friends with her for life.

"Us wants a room and bo'd; lots'a room and plenty eatments," he said, then added, "My name is Otis Jackson Brown, the bestest colored chauffeur in America and way stations."

"Sho' we got a room; and our eatments is 'specially good. Whut's yo' business, Mr. Brown?"

"I'se just thinking of 'pertriculatin' at Fisk's University. I'se gwine to learn t' make Fisk auto tires."

"Aw right, Mr. Brown. I goes to tha' kitchen, now. Make yo'self at home."

"Yes, ma'm, Missus Periwinkle," Otis answered, taking a chair before a very pleasant fire.

Otis picked up the evening paper and looked idly through its pages, until the usual crossword puzzle attracted his attention.

"Now us makes my brain work," he said to himself as he searched in his pocket for a pencil.

"Number one, vertical, is a nine letter word meaning Parlor Toadstools. That mus' have somptin' to do wit' a toadfrog 'cause they sits on toadstools. Naw. Oh, I got it. They mus' mean Mushrooms 'cause parlors is where lovers mush. Uh, huh. M-u-s-h-r-o-o-m-s, tha's it."

He was interrupted by the entrance of three people; one, a very black negro giant, and a high-yellow, just right, female, the third person was the landlady.

"Miss Deere, meet Mister Brown."

Otis stared, dazed, at her beautiful countenance some moments and then proffered his hand.

"I'se sho' pleased to make yo' acquaintance, Miss Deere," he said, unconsciously holding her hand longer than was necessary.

"This is Mr. Tickle, Mr. Brown."

Otis' diminutive digit was engulfed in a large hand, with a grip that made him wince and left his hand numb from pain. A deep bass voice rumbled:

"How do you do, Mr. Brown? Tomorrow, I'se gwine take you out to de University and help you sign up. Us will be roommates."

"I sho' 'preciate yo' kindness, Mr. Tickle." But he had already forgotten his future roommate and was giving his attention to that thing of beauty that had found a seat on the sofa, and was inviting him to share it with her.

Otis was not a bit backward in making his way to the place indicated to him and he opened the conversation immediately.

"Say, kin I call you 'honey' when I gits' tired of 'Deere?'" he asked.

"No. But you kin call me Sonia, 'cause tha's my name."

"Listen, Sonia Deere, whut's we gwine t' do tonight? Does you want to go down to de Bijou?"

"I guess I will go mos' any place wif' you, but I cain't go to no show tonight, 'cause I'se got 'nother 'agagement."

"That don' mak' no matter; you kin break it," he begged.

"Naw, I can't. But say, you sho' has got a superb-flurous line, Otis."

"I don' use no line, honey; I uses a net. Who is de date wif?"

"That was good, Otis. You know my date couldn't be wif no body but Frap Tickley, yo' monstrous roommate."

At this point the supper bell rang and Otis gave his puny arm to Sonia, who took it willingly.

All went well at supper. Sonia sat by his side and occupied his thoughts. But trouble was brewing. Frap Tickley could be seen casting looks that were daggers of jealousy, at the couple so taken up with each other.

At ten o'clock the next day Otis and Tickley knocked on the door of the bursar's office and were admitted. A skinny old maid, colored, raised her head from her work to gaze at them from behind a pair of large horn rimmed glasses.

"Mo'ning, Miss Hedrick. I'se brung a pupil who wants to pertricate."

"Whut's yo' name," she said to Otis, preparing a blank form before her.

"Otis Jackson Brown," he announced.

After answering questions concerning his past and his future life, he paid his entrance fee and was sent to the dean for his schedule. Frap had left him to attend a class, so Otis had the rest of the morning to follow his nose.

He walked across the campus and sat down on one of the benches that were placed conveniently about. The first part of his downfall began to approach. It was Sonia Deere! That beautiful Sonia Deere! Those eyes! Those nose! Those Hair! Wonderful! But no more thoughts. She was speaking.

"Did you git in school?" she asked.

"I sho' ain't lef' out, honey," he answered.

He dreamed of a long talk with her, but luck was not with him. Frap came up and took Sonia by the arm and said:

"Come on, sweetheart, les' go 'cross de street to the Demitasse House for a cup o' coffee." She turned and walked reluctantly across the street. As she entered she looked back and waved goodbye to Otis.

"Meowing Catfish! She sho' is a swellegant looker," he said half to himself. Again he had not seen the malignant look that was meant for him.

Otis had been in school one month. He had slowly made a sweet impression on the heart of Sonia and an eternal enemy out of Frap, although he was apparently friendly.

One spring day Otis was leisurely crossing the campus, alone, when he was approached by an acquaintance named T. Willie Jordan, who stopped him and said:

"Otis, I'se a member of de I Tota Jug fraternity and us wants you to become a member of same. Does you join?"

"T'se delighted, T. Willie, an' I'll join."

"Good. Here is yo' pledge pin, an' whenever a member says fo' you to do somptin' you better do it prompt,"

"Aw right, T. Willie."

This was a fatal move. Little did Otis suspect that Frap, his rival, was a member of that secret shrine of the I Tota Jug fraternity. But he was soon to find out, for Frap met him at the door of the chapel and saw his pledge pin, a small silver jug.

"So you'se pledged, is yo'? Well, from now on you better be sho' that yo' presence is nowhere near my gal. Or else —," he added significantly.

Otis quaked with fear, but answered guardedly:

"Aw right, Mr. Ticklely."

Six weeks passed, and Otis had spoken to Sonia but once during that time, and that a few moments before, when he ran into her as he rounded a corner. She had said coldly:

"Why don' you watch whur you is going, Mr. Brown?"

"Aw, honey, I didn't mean to run into you," he answered.

"Since you has evoluted fo' six weeks without finding time to speak to me, Mr. Brown, you kin' jus' keep on doing same."

"I couldn't help it, honey. I'll 'splain to you after I'se 'nitiated."

"You needn't botha," she answered haughtily and moved on to her class. Otis started to follow but thought better of his move and turned back.

He met Frap after school and was told:

"Be up to T. Willie's room tonight at eight o'clock. Knock twice, then wait and knock once again fo' yo' entrance."

"Yes, sir. I'se gwine t' be there."

That night Otis knocked as he had been instructed on the door of T. Willie's room. It was opened and he entered a room already beginning to fill with smoke, and a repugnant odor of fermented grapes showed that the I. T. J.'s had removed the stopper from their jug.

"Since we's all here, le's get this ancient game sta'ted," one member said, bringing the instruments of chance and rattling them lovingly.

"I shoot dis coat 'gainst a dolla'," he said.

"Roll de bones, nigger; you is faded."

"Seven spots; count 'em and cry."

At last it came to Otis to caress the cubes of paradise.

"Dis rag I shoots," he cried.

"Shoot, nigga." Is was covered.

"Quit yo' spinning, dice. Wham! Nine spots. Us makes dat nine."

"I bet dis dolla' you don' bar it," and Frap laid down his dollar.

"It's a bet."

"Roll de dice, nigga."

"One dice says six. The other—you mus' be three. No, a one. I kisses those dolla' good-bye."

Miss Fortune had followed Otis closely and was on his heels tonight. He lost constantly until his money was all gone.

"I shoot dis coat 'gainst a dolla'," he said.

"You is faded."

Otis rolled and lost. Next his hat. Now his shoes. Alas—his trousers. Then his socks, belt, and shirt followed quickly. Still he lost. He at last withdrew from the game now clad in his B. V. D.'s, a very dejected figure.

At eleven the game broke up. How could he go home to his boarding house? He appealed to T. Willie and Frap, the only ones who remained.

"How's I gwine to get home?" he asked mournfully.

It was Frap who answered.

"I think tha's a dress in de closet that one ob de boys wo' in a show. Maybe you kin wear it." With these words he looked in the closet and pulled out a dress covered with patches.

"Here, try it on," he said, throwing the dress to Otis.

Otis was one very much embarrassed and comical figure as he started across the campus, looking furtively about him. Every alley offered a hiding place, and after using these and dark streets he had nearly reached home without being recognized when he hurried out of an alley to run directly into a couple that were returning from a dance. At that moment a car threw its lights on them. Heavens above! It was Sonia. She recognized him and doubled with laughter. She was attracting more negroes who were crowding around.

"Otis, you is simply the funniest thing I ever seen." She burst, again, into peals of laughter and was joined by the amused spectators gathered around them.

It was enough for Otis. He couldn't explain, and to increase his terror a cop came running up, blowing his whistle.

Otis broke through the crowd and disappeared down the street with the torn and ragged dress flapping about his skinny legs.

One hour later he was asleep in an empty box car, bound for Chattanooga.

Paul Sykes, '25.

Bill Douglas

BILL DOUGLAS, an old negro of the Civil War time was about seventy years of age and lived in a little hollow, in a log house with a stick and mud chimney, and a grapevine running over it. He was about four feet ten inches, and his wife was about five feet and a half, a thin, quarrelsome sort of woman. Bill still lived in the same place, worked for the same master, talked just as much as he had before the Civil War and traded a little. He once "swapped" a young two year calf for an old checkered gray horse with a spavin in one ankle, a ringbone in the right front foot, a knot on the left front knee. The horse had one good eye (so did Bill), and really about twenty-seven years earlier had been a fairly respectable horse.

One day the "Boss" rode up and said: "Bill, clear this field, raise a crop of corn, give me one-third and you can keep the rest."

"All right, Boss, I'll do it," the old darky replied.

Bill got his nephew, a boy of about twenty years named Uphoon, to help him clear the field. Uphoon was a joker. He found a black stick and poked it at old Bill and hollered, "Black snake!" Bill started running and the boy lay down laughing. Bill then saw he had been tricked and started after Uphoon "to cut his hinges from under him," as he put it. But giving up a fruitless effort, Bill returned to work.

Crops were bad that year and Bill did not make a very big crop. That fall the owner came and said:

"Bill, gathered your crop yet?"

"Yass'er, Boss, gathered 'em long ago," said Bill.

"What did you do with my part?"

"You didn't have no part, Boss," replied Bill.

"Why?" the Boss asked.

"'Cause dat field didn't grow but two wagon loads, and your third just wad'nt there," said the old darky.

Lawrence Treanor, '27.

The Future

John Matterson rushed up to the window, where elevated railway tickets were sold, and having bought one, rushed up to the steps just in time to catch the 7:45 Elevated to work. He was just one of the thousands in New York that did this same thing every morning. Although he was manager of the office, he worked for the owner just as the other people did. The owners never arrived at their offices until about ten o'clock.

He got off the Elevated about a block from his work. He hurried up the street, into the building, and was rushed up to the third floor by the elevator. Getting off the elevator he went through a door which had a sign on it that read, "J. S. Milton & Co." He went to his desk and sat down. He was tired out from so much rushing about. It was but a few minutes when all were at work.

John called to Miss Crisdale to come to take a dictation. He liked her very much but he was a little bashful about asking her for a date.

"How are you this morning, Mr. Matterson?" she said, coming up and taking a seat with pencil and paper.

"I am feeling fine; thank you," he answered, and started giving his dictation to cover up his confusion, because for some reason or other his heart beat like a trip-hammer whenever she spoke to him.

He walked the boss about ten o'clock and passed on in to his private office without speaking to anyone. Now John's one ambition was to be able to take his time in the morning and come poking in late like his boss every morning.

That evening when they got off from work John and Eleanor Crisdale went down on the same elevator. They walked out at the door at the same time. They always rode the same Elevated home too. He wanted so much to ask her to stay up town and eat dinner and then go to a show, but he was scared to. When they got on the outside she asked, "Are you going home now?"

"Yes, I think I will. Aren't you?"

"No," she answered, "I think I will stay in and go to a show."

"Good-bye then, I will see you tomorrow," he replied.

After she had gone he could have kicked himself for not asking her to go to dinner and then to a theater. He was sure she would have accepted.

Things went on much in the same way at the office, John and the rest getting there every morning at 8:15, and the boss coming in at ten o'clock. Matterson still treasured his hope that sometime he would be able to come to work at ten o'clock.

Not long after this he woke one morning and looking at his clock he saw that it was nine o'clock. It flashed through his mind that he had been out late the night before, and when he came in he had forgotten to set the alarm. He dressed quickly as possible and not even stopping to eat breakfast, hurried to the Elevated. He had to wait a little while before he could catch his train to work. The train seemed as if it would never get there. His only hope was that he might beat the boss there by a few minutes. He was hurried up by the elevator, but his hopes fell because the boss was just entering the office. As he opened the door and stepped into the office the boss was just asking why they were idle.

They replied that they didn't know what to do until Mr. Matterson arrived. They saw John when he stepped in and rushing up to him, they asked what to start doing. He told them and in a little while they were all at work. The boss entered his office in deep study. Later in the day John was told he was wanted in the boss's office. John thought he was going to be fired and started making excuses to himself. The boss said, "Matterson, after that incident this morning, I see that I will either have to fire you or make you a partner in the firm. I think I will make a partner out of you." John didn't know what to do or say. "Thank you, boss," he finally said.

His hopes had finally come true. Now he wouldn't have to come to work until ten o'clock. That evening he

asked Eleanor to eat dinner and go to a show with him. She accepted at once. It was not long before he went into a life-long partnership with Eleanor.

Joe Vaughan, '25.

More Than Due

IT was one of the foggiest nights in the year 1925, when a young lad was shot by an unknown person. It is needless to tell the name of the boy as it doesn't bear on the story at all.

Jack, as I will call the boy from now on, was playing with a crowd of his friends under a lamp post. Just like all small boys, they were up to mischief and were throwing rock and other debris at the cars passing by. By the time the owner of the car was out, the boys would have run away, and the man would get back in his car a little mad and that would end it. The boys were having a fine time and hadn't been caught by a single pursuer. At last the boys had just showered a Ford with rocks and all had run but one; this was Jack. The man, perhaps a bit intoxicated, staggered toward the boy, pulled out a gun and shot. Jack thinking it was a graze shot dropped to the ground to avoid other shots.

After the man left, Jack thought he would get up and tell his father what had happened. He tried to get up and found that he was very tired or something was wrong with him. He felt something trickling down his side. He put his hand on his chest to see what had happened. His hand was wet. He looked. His hand was covered with blood. He realized then that he had been shot. He tried to get up again, but he was too weak.

Jack was carried to a house near by and was sent to a hospital, where he was found to have been shot through the chest. On account of his youth and greatness of vitality he pulled through all right and soon was playing again.

The man who shot Jack was never found.

LOUIS PHILLIPS, '26.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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JOHN C. RAY	Locals
WM. KENNEDY JONES	Athletics
TOM ROBERTS	Alumni
RICHARD SKIPWITH	Exchanges
DORRIS DAVIDSON	Staff Artist
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JAMES RIDDLE	Asst. Business Manager

It is very distressing to us to see the lack of interest of the majority of the School in their baseball team. Every year the same plea goes up to support that team, and almost every year the same unanswered response comes back. This year we are making the same plea to the School for support, and this year we want to see some action. There is no sane reason why you fellows cannot stay out at school and watch our team, your team, play. So far there have been so few in attendance, no admission has been charged. Hence you cannot offer the excuse of not being able to afford it.

Now just what is the matter. True, baseball, perhaps, has not as much interest to some as football and basketball. That is because they do not see a baseball game often enough. After you see a few games, you will begin to love that old game and will hate to miss even one. When you stop and look at the countless thousands that attend ball games every day, you will understand that. It is our national game, and it is a shame for one not to know or understand the game.

Then there is the financial point of view. Every year we make a little perhaps on football and basketball; then we turn right around and spend it on baseball; spend it because there is no revenue coming in with which to pay necessary expenses from the baseball games.

That is where you come in, you who want good teams. Go out to those games, pay your admission charges and the school will not lose money on its athletics as it has been doing. Go out there, cheer for your team. Those boys deserve it. They work hard every day and appreciate your support. And we all know they can play better with a large following on the side lines cheering them on, than with no one there caring a whoop whether they win or lose.

Just a few words about the Commencement issue of the Bulletin. This is the last regular issue of the Bulletin, the next being the Commencement issue. Now last year that issue was one of the best, if not the best of the Commencement papers in the State. We had more compliments on it than we have ever received on any of our others in former years.

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Now it was good, chiefly because the whole school backed it, really took interest in it, and made it what it was. That is what we want this year. If any of you know of any good material for a story, write it up, make something out of it. If any of you have any good jokes, write them up, give them to the local editors. If any of you have anything—ideas, plans, stories, sketches—let us know. The editors cannot do everything, nor have they as good ideas as some of you. So we are soliciting your help to make this next Commencement issue of the Bulletin far surpass our last year's issue.

The leading colleges of the country have found out, after a great number of years, that it is a necessity to have an alumni association. If the alumni are working for their Alma Mater, trying to get new students and backing the college in every way, there is nothing that can keep the college from growing. If the alumni are pulling together the school will grow in numbers, in athletics, reputation, and in every other way. The colleges have felt the necessity of the alumni to such an extent that in everything the college undertakes it calls on the alumni for advice and aid.

Montgomery Bell has for its size as many faithful alumni as any school in the country. Montgomery Bell is not an exception to the rule, and as every other school has in the past called on the alumni for aid, so should this school also.

Montgomery Bell needs an alumni association as badly as it needs anything else. The time to start the alumni association is now. The Senior class should get together and form an association, and in the future the school could call on the alumni as an association instead of the individual alumni. The association could do a great deal more for the school because "In unity there is strength." In a few years the association would become very strong and the older alumni would be more than glad to join and help us in any way possible.

Did any of you fellows ever stop to ask yourselves this question, What am I coming to school for and will I be a success after I leave school? Most of us have not done this, and it is one of the most important of the questions that confront us.

We are going to school in order to learn what we can, but we cannot learn everything here in school that is necessary for us to know. First, we come to school to learn; and second, we go into the world to get our experience. But knowledge and experience must be paid for with hard work, and to work hard we have to have a spirit and a determination to get what we are going after. Spirit and determination go hand in hand and we cannot hope to succeed unless we have both of them in force within us.

COMRADES

My dog and I have often roamed
Among the forest trees,
And smelled the scent of spring's
sweet flowers
That floated on the breeze.

We've watched the geese that
wing their way
Across the leaden skies;
We've heard the dove that calls
its mate
With soft and mournful cries.

Sometimes I've wondered why
it is
That nature calls us so;
Perhaps because of murmuring
brooks
And rosy twilight's glow.

The forest seems to understand
Our every mood and whim,
It lends us peace in our distress,
And makes our cares seem
dim.

We love to sit in campfire light
And watch the glowing logs;
We love to hear the big owl's
hoot
From neighboring swamps and
bogs.

My dog has always been my pal,
No matter how I act,
He always overlooks my faults,
Supplies what I have lacked.

I leave the noisy city life
And seek some cozy nest,
Between the two, my woods and
dog,
I always can find rest.

Otis Radebaugh, '25.

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EVOLUTION

Has evolution come to stay?
And will the monkeys have their
way
Some day in Tennessee?

Our legislature says, "Not now;
The monkeys have not told us
how
That such a thing could be.

And yet the monkeys say that
they

In years to come will have a day,
When they can shout with joy,

"Ha! folks and monkeys are the
same,
Although they have a different
name."

But just what all the row's about
The monkeys cannot figure out,
Because 'tis plain they seem to
know
That some folks look like mon-
keys now.

Norman W. Griswold, '27.

MOCKING BIRDS

One morning I was sitting
Near a window opened wide:
A mocking bird came fitting
And settled just outside

It was a blossomy tree that he
Chose out of many round,
That trembled in a joyful key
To many a silvery sound.

He lifted high his small gray
breast,
He sang with all his strength,
As though the world were there
compressed,
And would come out at length.

A moment after, with a swing,
He sped up like a dart,
And carried with him, on his
wing,
My contemplating heart.

No more than half a hundred
feet
He settled down again;
This time his notes were twice as
sweet,
Though mingled with some
pain.

There, on a limb beside him sat
A bird of slenderer build;
Responsible was she for that
Which now the ether filled.

The sky was clear, the sun scarce
born;
Together, there, alone,
The two birds passed the live-
long morn,
With many a dulcet tone.

That was a dozen days ago,
When I was thus enchanted,
But melodies within me flow
That cannot be supplanted.

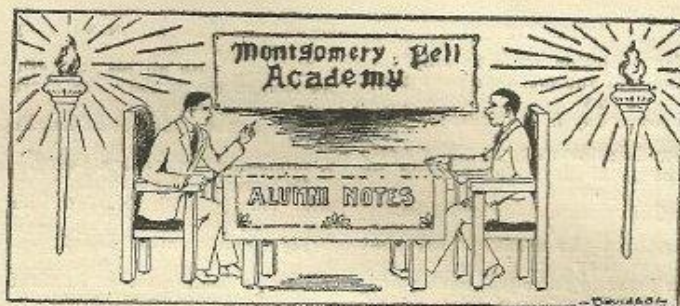
Dorris Davidson, '25.

REECO MOTO POWER GASOLINE

CHARLES M. CARROLL, '16



REED OIL COMPANY



F. E. Hogan, '10, is in the real estate business with his father.

Buford Sweeney, '09, is a farmer and banker of Adams, Tenn.

Wm. Warner, Sr., '85; Lem Warner, '85, and Bolling Warner, '05, are leading figures in the Warner Drug Co., of Nashville.

Paul Stumb, Jr., '19, is manager of the Stumb-Cawthorne Motor Co., of this city.

Anson Ernest Christian, '19, was recently married to Miss Katherine Margaret Graf. The wedding took place at Knoxville, Tenn.

Roy, Dibrell, '09, is a merchant of Sparta, Tenn.

Dempsey Weaver, '88, is a member of the McWhorter-Weaver firm of this city.

John M. Gray, Jr., '87, is president of the Gray-Dudley Hardware Co., of Nashville.

We record here the death of H. L. Sperry, '85, which occurred about the first of April. Up to the time of his death he was president of the Morris Bank of Nashville.

Tom Sims, '16, one of the best known of American paragraphers, still makes his headquarters in Nashville, visiting New York only when necessary.

Buford Horner, '09, and James Irvine, '08, are in the insurance business in Chattanooga.

Richard Frank, '19, who has been for some years farming near Brentwood, was recently married to Miss Jean Noble, of Nashville.

James H. Priest, '09, is in the real estate business in Birmingham, Ala.

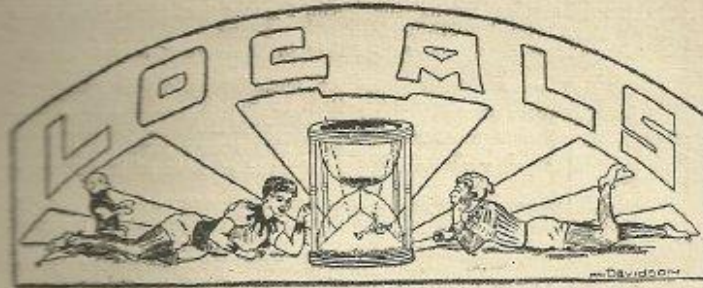
W. "Boo" Phillips, '02, is with C. T. Cheek & Son, local wholesale grocers.

Frank Maddux, '08, and Will Maddux, '05, are local realtors.

M. T. Kain, '01, is with the Nashville Plumbers' Supply Co.

John Bell Treanor, '15, is in the insurance business in Memphis.

Merrill Moore, '20, after taking his B.A. degree last June, is rounding out his freshman year in the Vanderbilt Medical School.



"Ho! what manner of man is this?" cried several gallant knights of the L. P. Club, as a forlorn figure came over the hill, water dripping from every garment.

"Methinks 'tis our honorable president, Sir Spider," said Sir Susie Cole; "let us rush to his assistance."

"Oh, Sir Spider, wouldst thou deign to tell us why thou art so wet?" cried several in unison.

"Out of my way, varlets," quoth Sir Spider, "someone hath put my waters on."

* * *

"This chewing gum is pretty old."

"Howzat?"

"It's Adams."

* * *

Professor: "What's the name of the largest diamond?"

Biloxi Jones: "The Ace."

* * *

We wish to compliment "Slick" McEwen upon winning the tennis tournament. Frost, also, deserves a lot of credit as runner-up.

* * *

Look Out for This Man

A tall young man of medium weight, black hair, a long nose, dark eyes and a sheepish grin was seen on the campus a few days ago dressed in white golfing clothes. When asked his name he replied, "Gene Sarazen." Any insane asylum knowing of

any lost inmate please call and identify him.

* * *

"Biloxi" Jones, E. Bradford, Joe Vaughn and Frank Lowery went to Memphis last week. While there they ushered in a new chapter of the Kappa Alpha Phi Fraternity. The members of the frat are taken from the high schools of Memphis. The delegates from Nashville say the boys there are an exceptionally fine bunch of fellows, especially as they won all the money in a game of golluf.

* * *

Foreman: "Say, you're not one of them blokes what grabs their tools and runs as soon as the whistle blows, are you?"

New Man: "Naw, Boss, I'm not built that way. I put my tools up and, would you believe it, I always have to wait a few minutes fer th' bloomin' whistle to blow."

* * *

Questions About Last-Year Men

Who was "Gertie"?

Who was, "By his feet you shall know him"?

Who was the fellow who couldn't tell the difference between a donkey and himself in the locker room during baseball season?

Who was (and still is) Sir Frank of the Time Table?

Who bought the Cedar Chest?

Why do they call Riddle, "Fish"?

The tennis singles among the "Cooties" was won by Moultrie Ball, with James Bass as runner-up.

* * *

Lunch Room Soup

Bravely, but without much hope,
I tangled up with lunch room soup.

I inspected what they handed me,
And many strange things I did see.

Some things held my bewildered gaze
That will keep me spellbound all my days.

I inquired to find out what was what,
And here is some of what I got:

"Say, how did this here thing get there,
What d'ye call it, a lock of hair?
And what is this here piece of green,
It's the queerest thing I ever seen.

The lad that made this stuff's got brass,
You should have given ole Tobe this grass."

"Easy there young fella, my lad,
A little spinach ain't so bad.

This here dish water ain't so worse,
'Taint going to put you in a hearse."

"But what's this chunk of meat,
I beg,
I guess it's Pup's old long-lost leg.

She lost it when she crossed the track,
But the street car company sent it back;

And I guess that these three lima beans
Are in their very latest 'teens.

An optimist calls this spaghetti,
But to me it looks like Dutch confetti.

And this funny kind of goo
Is a piece of sock of truest blue.

Guess 'twas worn by a Bolshevik,
Cause it gives the patron a sumptuous kick.

And now we encounter some good old mud,
And, would you think it, here's a spud.

I take my spoon, give it a stir,
Well, what the heck—a cockle-burr!

John H. McEwen, '27.

* * *

A School Day

The first thing is Latin,
It has driven me nuts;
I think old Caesar
Was a Bozo Butts.

Next comes History,
It is a pain;
These Prussian wars
Drive me insane.

Then comes Spanish,
It's a crip,
But it knocks
My grade a flip.

Next my English
Follows close.
Gee, but Woolley's
One more dose!

Last is Geometry,
Oh, so Plane;
It always gives
My brain a pain.

Wm. E. Hawkins, '26.

WINDSOR
PURE EXTRACTS AND SPICES
Cumberland Manufacturing Co.

We expect this issue of the Bulletin to be full of poetry. The reason? Spring, of course.

* * *

Vanderbilt University has graciously allowed M. B. A. to use the Stadium as a means for track practice. We can use the Gym for dressing and trot over to the track. What more could we want? Come on out for the track team.

* * *

Babe Ruth causes a stir in the schools. "Mr. Ball, I have no classes or time, let me out this period to see Babe Ruth," and like requests were very numerous recently when Babe Ruth was in town for two games.

* * *

If you think school is out in May,
Or that Mr. Cherry has given a
hollday,
Or there's no detention time to
pay,
Or that with bad work you can
get away;
Then you are dreaming. I say,
"You are dreaming."

* * *

A Narrow Escape

An Irishman was telling of his wound. He said, "An' the bullet went in me chest here, an' came out me back!"

"But," said his friend, "it would have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Faith, an' me heart was in me mouth at the time."

* * *

Captain: "If anything moves, you shoot!"

Private Jackson: "Yes, sah! An' if anything shoots, Ah moves."—Exchange.

* * *

Judge: "Tell the jury how you came to be intoxicated?"

Prisoner: "I was just puttin' some hair tonic on my mustache and missed it."

* * *

There's nothing stronger than mother's love—except father's liquor.

Jakes went into the box
A baseball game to play;
But that wasn't where he be-
longed,

From what the fielders say.

He tried to pitch the ball,
He couldn't throw a strike;
The team ran round the bases
Till it looked just like a hike.

He took the bat in his hand
And stepped up to the platter;
He didn't even see the ball,
He knew not what was the
matter.

And so the coach at last,
When the game he wished to
win,
Had to take him out of the box
And put another in.

T. Martin, '27.

* * *

When Moultrie went visiting
in the country he saw a boy call-
ing his dogs with a horn.

Moultrie: "What kind of a
horn is that?"

Other Boy: "A fox horn."

Moultrie: "I didn't know that
foxes had horns that big."

* * *

Teacher (pointing to the let-
ter O): "Tommy, what letter
is this?"

Tommy: "Idunno."

Teacher: "What do you say
when you stump your toe?"

Tommy: "Ouch."

* * *

Mrs. Ball (in English 5):
"Who was Polonius?"

Sykes: "Julius Caesar's first
wife."

* * *

Mrs. B. (in History 4): "How
did the Latin Quarter originate
in Paris?"

Moultrie: "I think Julius Cae-
sar started that."

* * *

"Dick's not so dumb as he
looks."

"How so?"

"I told him it was going to be
a wet party, and he brought a
raincoat."

First Liar: "That's nothing. I know of a man who knew all the words to 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

Griffith: "Who was that?"

First Liar: "Francis Scott Key."

Griff.: "Who was he?"

* * *

"How far can you go on a gallon?"

"That depends on who drinks it."

* * *

She (obligingly): "You look worried. Is there anything I can do for you?"

He: "Sure, move over, so I can sit on the other side, I'm left-handed."

* * *

She: "I understand they move in a very select circle."

Cat: "Yes, I heard that they have a hard time making both ends meet."

* * *

Griffith (to his girl): "Angel wings . . . honey dove . . ."

Fulgham (who has been listening in): "Good grief! He's getting more and more fowl; if he don't watch out he will be calling her his little pigeon toes."

* * *

A Hint

Fellows, school is almost out
And this is our chance to
score;

If you want to pass in every-
thing,

You had better study more.

Instead of a dance or show to-
night,

Or a good book to read,
You had better stay in and study,

For you know that's what you
need.

Cohen Williams, '26.

Gladys: "Women are out-
stripping men everywhere."

Jim: "I'm not so sure about
everywhere, but they certainly
have on the dance floor."

* * *

Grandmother was a saint,

Grandfather was a sot;

And everything grandmother was

That's just what I am not.

B. W.

* * *

Prof. Cherry said that three
different boys told him their cars
broke down while on their way
at Saturday school. That excuse
is old. Here's a new one.

Mr. Cherry: "Turner, why
are you late to my study hall?"

Turner: "I got lost in the
new Vanderbilt Hospital this
morning, 'fessor. I couldn't find
my way out."

Mr. Cherry: "Why didn't you
ask some one how to get out?"

Turner: "I asked one man,
'fessor, and he said that he had
been trying to find his way out
for three days."

* * *

The Banner recently carried a
"want ad" which read:

"Wanted—A boy to deliver
oysters that can ride a bicycle."

* * *

Mrs. Johnson: "Frost, are
you laughing at me?"

Frost: "No, ma'am, I'm
laughing at Mulloy."

Mrs. Johnson: "And what is
Mulloy laughing at?"

Frost: "He laughing at you."

* * *

Mr. Lisenby: "Wilson what is
a hypotenuse?"

Wilson: "A wild animal,
'fessor, that lives in some of the
rivers in Africa."

WELCH'S BARBER SHOP

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History 5 was studying Spanish government, when Bernard Spain, who has just entered school, reported to the class. He stood aghast on his entrance, hearing the teacher remark, "Come on, boys! let's finish up with Spain right now."

* * *

Kitty, Kitty!

A man emerged from out a cave,
His nose was pointing high,
And when he hit the open air
He breathed a little sigh.

He thought of what had passed
within,

A sad calamity;
And what he said reflected on
His personality.

A pretty little animal
Had strutted out in front;
This man had thrown a stick at
him,
And then let out a grunt.

Such scent as then passed by his
nose
Has nowhere else been found,
His buried clothes are all be-
neath
The hard and cruel ground.
Otis Radebaugh, '27.

* * *

Chile Hardin was Coach Wil-
son's choice to hurl against G.
P. I., and also the choice of the
G. P. I. sluggers, as the box score
will show.

* * *

Want Column

Wanted—A diploma—Jimmie
Riddle.

A Ford that will run on water
—Skipwith.

A cigarette—Louis Edwards.
To be another Barney Oldfield

—Vincent Murray.
To win a ball game—Hayes

Jakes.
Not to hear "Why" any more

—All of us.
Mulloy silent—All of us.

Everyone on time to a physics
class—Mr. Wilson.

A clear time sheet—Shade
Murray.

A science book—Eighth period
class.

* * *

Mr. Caldwell (in Phy Geog
class): "Why is an object red?"

Shields: "Because it is not
green, Professor."

* * *

Raulston (at lunch room
crush): "What kind of pie have
you today, Chile?"

Chile: "Peach, apple, choco-
late, chess, caramel, etc."

Raulston: "Well, give me a
ham sandwich then."

* * *

Drunk (to little boy): "Son,
where is the other side of the
street?"

Little Boy: "Over there, mis-
ter."

Drunk: "That's funny. I
was over there a minute ago and
they told me it was over here."

* * *

The M. B. A. tennis team,
composed of J. McEwen, E.
Frost and John Ball, are en-
tered in the Sewanee meet, and
also in the Peabody, Prep and
High School meets. John Mc-
Ewen and Frost were finalists in
the M. B. A. singles tournament,
with J. McEwen winner, and the
same pair won the doubles tour-
nament. John Ball won the al-
ternate position from C. Rolfe.

* * *

V. P.: "I can count the boys
I have ever kissed on my fingers
and toes."

L. E.: "Are you a centipede?"

* * *

Riddle brought an excuse last
week for being on time.

* * *

"Spring has come." Davidson
is in love.

HI Y NOTES

The M. B. A. Hi Y Club is
still coming along. The big con-
test is now over, and although
we were beaten out in the end
by the Hume-Fogg Club, we put

BASEBALL

M. B. A., 13; Wallace, 7

M. B. A. opened their 1925 baseball season with a 13-7 victory over Wallace. From the beginning it was M. B. A.'s game. Jakes' tossing and faithful old "Jody" stopping him up was a combination Wallace could hardly figure out, but in the fifth inning, when the score stood 9-1, Wallace staged a comeback by running in six men. But this was all that was allowed them, and M. B. A. crossed the home plate four more times.

Hardin led his team in hitting, but it would be hard to pick a star of the game, because as a whole the team played well for the first game of the season. The line-up was as follows:

M. B. A.	Position	Wallace
Jakes -----	Pitcher -----	Sharpe
Glennon -----	Catcher -----	Dunn
Blair, J. -----	First Base -----	Scheffer, C.
Blair, E. -----	Second Base -----	Greek
Hardin -----	Shortstop -----	Burnett
Gaffney -----	Third Base -----	Morton
Roberts -----	Left Field -----	Stumb
Johnson -----	Center Field -----	Scheffer, J.
Keene -----	Right Field -----	Core

M. B. A., 9; Peabody, 7

Peabody came out on the Harding road with the highest of hopes. 'Twas too bad. M. B. A. took the lead in the second inning when Gaffney made the grand tour of the bases. Then in the third Armistead, of Peabody, knocked a home run, scoring Askew, which gave them the lead. But this was done away with by Blair Brothers & Co. Earl got a single and Jack knocked him in on a double, and Peabody lost the lead for the rest of the game.

A lover of home runs would have got lots of thrills at this game. Armistead and Neil, of Peabody, and Roberts and Blair, J., of M. B. A. made a home run each.

Tom Roberts led his team in hitting, as he got four out of five times at bat. 'Twas a good and thrilling game all the way through.

M. B. A., 3; H. F. H., 3

Hume-Fogg staged their usual come-back in the fourth inning when they overcame the 3-0 lead M. B. A. had held up to this point. It was a nip and tuck affair from this time on, as neither team could score a point. In the second inning Bill Needham connected up with a four-base hit, it being the sole four-sacker of the game. Both Needham and McTigue pitched a good game of ball, each striking out many batters. M. B. A. seemed to be coming into its own and rounding into mid-season form.

M. B. A.	Position	Hume-Fogg
Needham	Pitcher	McTigue
Whitsitt	Catcher	Mittwede
Blair, J.	First Base	Hackman
Blair, E.	Second Base	Worrals
Hardin	Shortstop	Corbett
Gaffney	Third Base	Quick
Roberts	Left Field	Sills
Johnson	Center Field	Goodman
Eaton	Right Field	Gobel
M. B. A.	2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0—3
H.-F. H. S.	0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0	0—3

M. B. A., 9; C. M. A., 1

Our team journeyed down to Columbia on April 11 and left C. M. A. a sweet revenge for what they did in football last fall. We came back with a 9-1 walkaway.

☐	UP-TO-THE-MINUTE HATS AND CAPS Wright's Fourth Avenue and Union Street	☐
☐		☐

Old "Star Buck" Hardin pitched a good game, led his team in hits, and scored four runs. As usual, also, "Duck" Roberts played a whale of a game. They say C. M. A.'s coach uses the familiar goblin story on his men, "M. B. A.'ll get you if you don't watch out."

M. B. A., 5; C. H. S., 5

Do you remember the football game last year between Central Hi and M. B. A.? A wonderful game that was, but don't think for one minute this baseball game wasn't just as thrilling. It wasn't such a perfect going—but, O my, you should have seen the ninth inning! Speaking of the comeback we made in that football game, why that's tame beside the one of this game.

C. H. S. had us 5-0 at the end of the eighth inning and all seemed lost, but M. B. A. knew better. They went and had a track meet around those bases, which netted us five markers. The game continued on for three more innings, but no more scores could be made. That was a game game. Gaffney, Needham, Johnson, Hardin and Eaton played well.

M. B. A.	--	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0—5
C. H. S.	---	0	0	1	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0—5

G. P. I., 4; M. B. A., 0

"G. P. I. spells baseball," says any M. B. A. baseball man. Without a doubt G. P. I. has the best prep school baseball team that we have seen around this section in a long time—except M. B. A. Even if they did beat us, we took it fighting, and fighting hard.

Both teams played well and it was a real ball game—the result of a conflict between two good teams. Johnson and Roberts fielded well.

Castle Heights, 3; M. B. A., 2

Castle Heights came here and went back, but they took part of us back with them. They beat us 3-2. We play 'em again, though, and are going to beat them next time.

M. B. A. staged a good rally in the ninth inning and tied the score 2 and 2. Heights made a run in the eleventh and won the game. Roberts and Needham were the best hitters of the day. It was a fast, close game, watched by many of the school's friends and supporters.

M. B. A., 11; P. D. S., 4

Peabody, believing in the old "try, try again" maxim, made us their second visit, but this closed their brackets. In the last fray between the two schools, M. B. A. took the big end of a 11-4 score.

Blair, E., hit very well; he got a home run, a two-bagger and one single. Neil, of Peabody, did well also, he got two three-baggers and one double. Rolfe pitched the game of his career, striking out eleven men. The whole team played well.

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